THE YALE FINE-ARTS SCHOOL.

From Our Special Correspondent. NEW-HAVEN, July 30, 1887. Here is a way to read Dante's "Inferno;" a way to give one what our Methodist friends call a realizing cense of the horrors the great Italian describes, and to suggest some that even his imagination couldn't, or didn't conceive of. Let the reader get the latest version-Longfellow's say-and taking a horse-car down town late in the afternoon, set out for the City of Elms. As soon as the fight for a seat is over, if he have succeeded in getting one, let him at once begin reading the canto describing Charon's boat and its sargo of lost souls. Any conductor will do for Charon, and before he reaches Twenty-seventh-st., if there have been an ordinary profitable trip, with a good supply of pickpockets, a drunken man or two, plenty of spitting, a few women with clothes-baskets of soiled linen, the usual amount of swearing at the conductor by the driver, with spirited returns of the compliment by the gentleman whose duty it is to pull the strap, but who never does it, and if the passenger gets well sat on by stout elderly females, and has his corns well ground by the heels of the standing army, and gets carried past the station, and loses his watch in struggling out of the sweltering crowd; if all goes well, and the horse-car trip passes off with the usual success, he will be convinced that Dante must somehow have rode in a horse-car in Florence, and began his account of Hell the first thing after getting out. As our passenger will, of course, have missed the train he started for, else the trip would not have been a success, as soon as he reaches the

savory station at Twenty-seventh-st. he can sit down and begin the fourth canto, in which he will find that very place described as only a first-class prophet could have described it, under the name of Limbo. It is dark, with windows that never have been washed and never will be, cloudy with the smoke of bad tobacco from innumerable pipes, and the air trembles with the squalling of hungry and implacable infants, the raucous cries of the two most dreadful old orange-women in the city, and the plaintive yelps of the unbaptized little "black-yer-boots," "shine-em-ups," who flutter round the entrance. At last the train starts, and the dismal journey begins in carnest with the stench and gloom of the damp, unwholesome, moldy tunnel at Thirty-fourth-st., and then the Geryon of a locomotive seizes him and whirls him along in sweltering heat, on a jouncing seat, with dust in his eyes, and ears, and mouth, with dust for a garment and cinders for food; with five minutes for refreshments, somewhere or other, either long before he wants it, or long after—hard-boiled eggs and hard-boiled tea, and, in addition to the sand he has devoured already, the sand which is there; and, then, more jouncing, and then the pop-corn man, and then the magazine-boy whom 'tis no use to blow up, and then the large, hot, punetaal cinder right in this eye, just as he is whirled into what seems the very likeness of the book's worst and lowest circle, the Judas-pit, the concentration of all the horroos he has gone through, the New-Eaven Depot. Here is the horrible stench, for is he not landed close to the wart closear, here is the datkness, here are the cable infants, the raucous cries of the two most dreadis the horrible stench, for is he not landed close to the very cloaca; here is the darkness, here are the yells of demon porters and cab-drivers; and he is glad to climb to the upper air, where he may once again behold the stars. I suppose there is not in the civilized world a place called a railroad depot that is such a vile hole as this of New-Haven. Yet 'tis almost a waste of adjectives

to call it vile, or disgraceful to the Company, or discreditable to the town. The Company doesn't care what we think of it, and the town is rather proud of it counting it one of the lions of the place. I am told, however, I have not seen it at its best, that there are two occasions when it makes a much more striking impression on the stranger, who sees it for the first time, than on any mere week-day visit. One of these occasions is when the Freshmen arrive in the Fall, to begin their college life, and when the members of the older classes rush into the cars as soon as they begin to get ready to stop, and in the pitchy darkness, amid the subsiding dust, and the shricks of the engine, grab the unfortunate urchins, and compel them, on pain of mauling, to pronounce directly in favor of one or another of a dozen secret societies, no one of which the tender boys have ever so much as heard of before. the tender boys have ever so much as heard of before. The scene, I am assured, and I can well believe it, is quite indescribable, and bears a closer resemblance to Pandemonium than anything else in the world, untess it be the Battle of the Prague, as formerly played by fashionable young ladies on the planoforte. Here, a luckless youngster of an undecided and accommodating turn of mind, is pounced upon by two men at once, dashing in at each end of the car simultaneously—members of societies in deadly op-position and furious rivalry. This innocent, fresh from the hands of his mother, is dragged over the nches, thrust through the windows, now captured by one, and sat upon until auxiliaries can arrive and secure him, now rescued by the other, who sits upon him in turn, and shouts for his particular sodality to him in turn, and shouls for its particular sodamy to come to his aid; now the two engage in a deadily struggle for the prostrate booty, who seizes the first moment of returning consciousness to attempt an escape, but is brought down by a flying carpet-bag, and compelled to capitulate to one or another com-bination of Greek letters, an "O, Phil" or an "Alpha, Sigma," as the case may be, and getting as much profit in morals or manners out of one as out of

e other. The other occasion on which the New-Haven station is said to be seen to great advantage is on the evening before any important Connecticut election—that for Governor, for instance—when the vast horde of Democratic voters imported from New-York for the occasion are met on their arrival by the resident rowdy and Copperhead population. A such times when Greek meets Greek, the station is such times when Greek meets Greek, the station is, for some reason best known to these importers of Foreign Lickers (such, I am sorry to say, they proved themselves in the case of English), shreuded in Cinderian darkness, a result brought about by the sum-

themselves in the case of English), shrouded in Cinderian darkness, a result brought about by the summary process of putting out the only light allowed on the premises—that in the ticket office—all the space change and tickets, with any loose valuables the Ticket agent may be possessed of, having been previously removed. I am sure I need not waste your time with a description of the scene that then ensues, for, after all, any description must come short of the reality. Indeed I owe you an apology in any case for keeping you waiting so long in this "demnition moist, unpleasant place;" allow me to ask you up stairs, and out into the light of Heaven. I said, in my letter written after "Commencement," that New-Haven is certainly a lovely place, and it is so, even if one does not judge it immediately after emerging from the station. But, then, 'tis only a certain part of the town that deserves the adjective, for the business, trading, manufacturing parts are as ugly here as anywhere. A great deal, let us say frank'ly, nearly all of the orchitecture is of that peculiarly ambitious character which marks the "gentleman's residence" everywhere in this favored land. I often passe before these melancholy structures, and drop an imaginary tear in pity for those who are obliged to hve in them. They cost so much money to build; they give so little real pleasure, or even common comforts to the occupants; and they are so out of tune with nature. New-Haven is not a whit worse thon 500 other towns and cities that may be mentioned, for though her gentleman's residences are quite up to the orthodox standard of ugliare so out of tune with nature. New-Haven is not a whit worse thon 500 other towns and cities that may be mentioned, for though her gentleman's residences are quite up to the orthodox standard of ugliness and discomfort, they do not profess to excel what has been accomplished elsewhere, and indeed I think that there are here more of the plain, old-fashioned, roomy, and comfortable houses in which our grandfathers and grandmothers delighted, than are commonly to be met with. At least, I do not know where I have seen more of them than I have in an hour's drive about this city and its suburbs. Some of them, although not at all likely to be admired, to-day, by either professional architects, critics, or persons intending to build, are, nevertheless, far nearer to my notions of what is suitable architecture for a dwelling-house than the most of these modern "country-houses," "villas" and "residences," that are so much in favor just now. The fault that is found with the older houses is, not that they are badly planned, or badly built, nor that they are uncomfortable, but, simply, that they are too plain; whereas, it seems to me, that their planness almost beautiful contrasted with the misplaced, unthey are badly planned, or badly built, nor that they are uncomfortable, but, simply, that they are too plain; whereas, it seems to me, that their planness is almost beautiful, contrasted with the misplaced, unmeaning, heavy, and profuse "ornamentation" of the later, and especially of the lately built houses. I wish my countrymon could believe that the first virtue of a house is, that it shall be as well planned as time, and care, and consideration can make it. This "well-planned" is to a house what charity is to the character of a man, and no grace of proportion, no beauty of ornament, can atone for the want of it. Now it is a fact that all the "houses," properly so called, of our grandfather's time, were well-planned. They were comfortable, convenient places to live in, and many a family is living in them to-day, enjoying, often unconsciously, the fruits of their simple way of building. The reason of this fact, and a fact it is, may be found in the principle on which they worked, a principle which, so far as my experience goes, is not recognized by one house-builder in twenty, to-day, whether building for himself or others. It consisted in "building from within, outward?" or, if you like it better, in "building the inside of the house first." In the most of these old-fashioned houses there is not to be found a superfluous room. Almost all of them have a wide hall running straight through the house, with two rooms on each side; on the one, two parlors, of which one is the "best," and the other the "living" room, each with its separate chimney; on the opposite side of the hall, a duing-room, with its accompanying pantry, store-room, and closets. The kitchen is either in a wing extending back from the angle

containing these offices, or it is underneath containing these offices, or it is undernasth one of these principal rooms, particularly if the land on which the house is built slopes at all and so permits the kitchen to be above the ground. This plan brings all the rooms together in a square, which is at once the cheapest form that can be employed, and, in good hands, is capable of whatever external elegance of proportion, or beauty of compensation may be desired. These or beauty of ornamentation may be desired. These things, however, were always thought of last, as they always should be, and indeed they were often not always should be, and indeed they were often not thought of at all, but were the natural result of the good planning of the inside. They grow as directly from the natural arrangement of the rooms and their belongings, as a fine complexion, good digestion and hair, and eyes, grow out of a good digestion and healthy lungs. With us, on the other hand, the process of building is directly reversed. We think, first, of how a house is to look outside, and often materially modify the plan and decrease the comfort of the interior, in order to make the exterior suit our notions of elegance or beauty. That this is so can hardly be disputed; I have data enough in my notebooks to excuse my believing so, at any rate. That it is all wrong, everybody, it would seem, should admit, on thinking about it; and I confess I do not believe that the art of building will make much headway so long as the popular mind runs in its present direction.

The Fine-Art Building, designed by Mr. P. B. Wight—the architect of our "Academy of Design" building—and presented to Yale College by the late Augustus Russell Street, 18, just now, the object of considerable interest in the town, owing to the "Yale in the town of the "Yale in the "Yale considerable interest in the town, owing to the "Yale School for the Fine-Arts" having opened its first public exhibition of pictures there. All through Commencement week the galleries were much visited, and the Committee have been a good deal encouraged with the success of their undertaking. A Mr. Joselyn with Mr. Jared Flagg, and Prof. Gilman of the Scientific School, have, I believe, taken the most active part in getting up this exhibition, and they deserve a great deal of credit for it. There are not many pictures here which are new to New-Yorkers, because the collection is largely made up of the leavings of the late exhibition of the Academy, and our public seems to have left pretty much all there was. ings of the late exhibition of the Academy, and our public seems to have left pretty much all there was. I think there is no doubt that if the Committee had had a longer time for preparation or had taken it, they might have made a much more original and valuable collection, one that they would have been justified in asking people from abroad to come and see, which, certainly, is not the case with the present exhibition. If they expect to do anything independent, anything that will make their Institution an influence, they must take a higher position than that of beggar of the east-off him before. But in Boston he is well known, and many of his pictures are owned there, being bought by such persons as have not the fear of Beacon-st. before their eyes, for it is taboo in all good Boston circles to buy any picture painted out of France, unless it should so well simulate the French manner as to be able to deceive the very elect. Of course the best French manner, like the best English or the best anybody's manner, is not easy to simulate and, accordingly, those in Boston who paint in the French style, imitate only the second and third-rate artists such as Couture, Courbet, Corot, and the rest of that clique, whose motto is, if they have one. "The less chique, whose motto is, if they have one. "The less your picture looks like Nature the more probability there is of its being taken for Art," and little like Nature as the pictures of the masters look, those of their American scholars have still loss resemblance

Mr. Gay is himself, I believe, a pupil of one of these French artists—of Contare, if I am not mistaken—but, then, he is a lover of nature, and a devoted student of her, and must not in any case be confounded with those Boston gentlemen who honestly make no pretense of following nature in their work at all. He is very far from being one of these; on the contrary, I do not know any American painter whose work gives a stronger impression of individual study of landscape than his. Although I have spoken of him as belonging to Boston, he lives at Hingham, and has, or had, his studio there. His pictures, if they could be collected, would give a sort of encyclopedic impression of that part of the Massachusetts coast (there is a most interesting series of studies along the Cohasset shore), and by their truth to its beauty, and grandeur, and loneliness, would explain the strong feeling that it has awakened in the minds of her best poets and writers. Whoever should study these pictures well accept the contract of the strong feeling that it has awakened in the minds of her best poets and writers. Whoever should study these pictures well accept the strong feeling that it has awakened in the minds of her best poets and writers. Whoever should study these pic-Mr. Gay is himself, I believe, a pupil of one of these poets and writers. Whoever should study these po-tures well, would be better able to enter into the spirit of Hawthorne and Thorenu, of Emerson and Dana, for they are no less faithful reporters than the spirit of the scenery which they loved and which they have made famous. All this about Mr. Gay's pictures may seem a long sermon on a small text; for his picture in the present exhibition is a small one (as, indeed, are all of his that I

tion is a small one (as, indeed, are all of his that I have seen), and of course cannot fairly be taken to represent him.

In a conspicuous place, directly over Mr. Alexander Wust's "Mount Washington," there is hanging a very good specimen of the school of Boston devotees to French art in the shape of a picture of the Prodigal Son by Mr. William Hunt. This is a very remarkable production, and would doubtless receive a great deal more attention than it does if it were not directly over Mr. Wust's picture, and in the same room with Allston's "Jeremiah." Wish three such evidences of human weakness in one room, it is impossible to give an undivided mind to the con; unplation of either;

an undivided mind to the con' implation of either; one hums the old song:

"How wretched could I be with either,
Were tother great monster away."

Mr. Hunt's notion of the Prodigal Son appears to be that the miserable young man slept out in damp places so long that his whole body became covered with a fine crop of fungi. Seizing upon this singular incident, the artist represents him in an advanced state of mold, looking, for all the world, like a large piece of fine old Stifton. Mr. Hunt paints gular incident, the artist represents him in an advanced state of mold, looking, for all the world, like a large piece of fine old Stilton. Mr. Hunt paints these pictures deliberately and a certain set in Boston just as deliberately pretend to admire them, and do, actually, buy-them; "There is no Frenchman but Mr. Hunt, and great is his profit." But it is the mere whim of half-cultured rich people, who follow their leader as sheep do, and spend their money for anything they are told to; people who show just what their culture and love of art are really worth, by buying Mr. Hunt's pictures, and letting Mr. Jarves' precious collection be scattered to the winds for lack of a purchaser in a city that is never done boasting of its intellectual superiority to the rest of America. Such things are the true test of character, and the city that lets Gilman design all her public buildings, and satisfies her love of Art with Mr. Hunt's pictures, and lets Mr. Jarves' collection go, without so much as a single effort to save it, had better say as little as possible about Athens.

I am glad to hear, on all sides, that Allston's "Jeremah" finds as few admirers as it deserves. It was presented to the college, you will remember, by

was presented to the college, you will remember, by Mr. Prof. Morse, and the admiration that led him to give \$7,000 for this picture has been humorously exgive \$7,000 for this picture has been humorously expressed by the Committee, who have hung two portraits of him—one by Baker, and the other by Huntington—on each side of his generous if mistaken gift, which seem to say, "If nobody else will leok at my Jeremiah, I will." It is a great pity to have it here; it cruelly misrepresents Allston, being the very worst picture, of any important size, that he ever painted. It has all his defects, without a single one of his excellences. However, the "School of Fine Arts" cannot help it. It will, no doubt, huy a great many bad pictures; and ignorant, enthusiastis people will give it a great many more. Such things are the measles and mumps of young art institutions in a young country. It will have the Beirstadt and the Wust and the Hunt very badly, and may lie in a miserable and the Hunt very badly, and may lie in a miserable state of low fever with these symptoms for several years. But, if it have a good constitution, and good nursing, it will throw these off in time, and in twenty years, perhaps, there may be the beginning of a gal-lery here that shall be worth coming to see. My letter has run such a length that I have left myself no room to speak of the interesting collection of pictures and drawings by the rising realist school. I will tell you about them in my next.

SCHOOLS IN NORTH CAROLINA

To the Editor of The Tribune, SIR: I write for information in regard to the colored people in this section of country. There are no schools as yet among them, but I have commenced one schools as yet among them, but I have commenced one with 40 to 50 scholars. Can or will the Government assist me! There are several hundred children that are destitute of teachers, and are not able to pay for their instruction. I am anxious to go on with my attempts, and hope to be encouraged by the Government. Please inform me how and where to apply for funds for this important work. We are all peor in this country, and have to call upon our friends North in time of need. We are at present cut off from any regular mail, only can get it now and then, as there are no regular contracts through this country. I am, your obedient servant, Mocksville, N. C., July 22.

T. A. Meroney.

WHO KNOWS! To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: We are on the anxious seat-not at the Camp Meeting at Sing Sing, but right here in New-York. When we state the cause of our anxiety, others may join When we state the cause of our anxiety, others may join us—in fact every tax-payer in the city. What we want to know is, what the Street Commissioner is assessing his clerks for ? The Legislasure is not in session; we know of no Legislative Committee to be bought up; the Common Council are all rich and do not want any money. For what, then, do we anxiously inquire, does the Street Commissioner assess each of his clerks two months pay in midsummer? Who knows? And will some kindly disposed person inform us? Respectfully, u.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

From Our Special Correspondent WASHINGTON, Tuesday, July 20, 1867. The Presidential Mansion is of white freestone, 170 feet by 86. It was originally modeled after a house in Dublin. The foundations were laid in 1792. When the Government was removed here in 1900, it and the north wing of the Capitol were the only public buildings completed. Washington then consisted of irregular hills, covered with serub oaks. The city had but two confortable dwellings. The only road upon the site, New-Jersey-ave., boasted two buildings. Pennsylvaniaaye, was a morass of alder bushes, without even a path

cut through them.
Stout, honest, obstinate John Adams was the first occupant. The closing months of his administration were very unhappy. Was he not misunderstood and maligned ! Had not Jefferson triumphed-and was not the country ruined ! Fortunately, the letters of Mrs. Adams are preserved. That era did not believe in educating women. Most of her feminine cotemporaries were illiterate, but she had much culture, excellent capacity, and large experience. In Paris, twenty years before, had she described with minute and amusing ingenuousness the freedom and demonstrativeness of Dr. Franklin's brilliant friend, Madame Helvetius. "Iown," wrote the decorous Quiney matron, "that I was highly disgusted, and never wish

for an acquaintance with any ladies of this cast." Coming here in November, 1800, her letters were feminine and charming-full of those trifles which the masculine eye overlooks, the masculine pen omits. On the way from Baltimore she found nothing but woods. Here and there was a log cabin in the forest, with a single glas window; but she traveled miles without seeing a human being. Washington she describes as "a wilderness city." The vessel bearing her wardrobe had even a looking glass. The barn-like White House was unfinished, and had no bells. She used the Fast Room for drying linen after the family washing. Twelve fires were to be kept up. Labor was high and very scarce. To her great relief a Department clerk procured a wagon, and hauled a load of logs for her huge fire-

places.
The British, during their brief, unceremonious call in 1814, burned the whole interfor of the Mansion. That was in Madison's day. During Jackson's occupancy, the north

The White House grounds embrace 20 acres, beautifully shaded with grand old trees. The gates to the front carriage-way are of fron. In the rear, a pleasant path leads out, under arching, drooping willows. One mistress of the Mansion, congratulated upon occupying it, replied, pithily: "It is not a happy dwelling. Always, a President comes in by the fron gate; often, he goes out under the weeping-willows." Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln!

Half a dozen guards are still here, reminiscences of the war. . During the day they are usually invisible. After the gas is lighted the visitor finds them on duty inside, with muskets and bayonets. By day the doors stand open. At night they are closed, and callers must ring Morning and afternoon are devoted mainly to business Calls of ceremony or pleasure are chiefly in the evening during Summer, while there are no receptions. The President seldom escapes from his last visitor until an hour before midnight. Any one may see him by sending in his card and waiting his turn.

Last year the White House was refurnished throughout. The ample East Room, 80 feet by 40, has less crimson than of yore. It is rich, tawdy, and gaudy in fresco and gilt. The small Green Room, leading from it, is in better taste. The oval Blue Room, beyond, where Pres ideat and mistress of the Mansion stand for three mortal hours, during Winter receptions, tries the eye by its brightness. The Red Room, still beyond, is quiet and pleasant. The elaborate furniture in each apartment (new covered for the Summer) corresponds in celer with the walls. The ceilings are very high for so old a building-I think 22 feet-and make the rooms pleasant and

There are few works of art-all personal memorials. In the Walting-Room, up stairs, a bronze medailion of Lincoin and a small photograph of Johnson. In the rich State Dising-Room, which has a long table always spread and high-backed mahogany chairs, an old portrait of Washington. In the main inner hall, a plaster bust of Lincoln, by Jones, and marble heads of Millard Fillmore and John Bright. In the Entrance Hall, marble heads of

Columbus and Amerigo Vespucii,
By far the most interesting relic is a sand-stone slab from the tomb of Servius Tullius, presented by citizens of Rome, and dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Under a recent resolution of Congress it will be removed to the Capitol. It is two feet long, by some 18 rough, and spotted with the moss of 24 centuries. On the face is chiseled a Latin inscription, briefly indicating its history, and a wish that the memories of the two " brave defenders of liberty" may be joined and blended.

The story of "Servius Tulhus" is "universally familiar," as writers say, after carefully refreshing their own mem-ories from the Cyclopædia. He was that sixth King of One step in advance was leather, the money of the Rome, humbly born, who introduced a new Constitution so favorable to the people that his son-in-law (afterward Tarquin the Proud) assassinated him in the interest of the nobles. Several former Roman legends are of this immediate era-that Tullia drove her chariot over the body of her father, Servius, whom her husband had murdered; that Tarquin, the assassin, after succeeding to the kingdom, was banished for the outrage on Lucretia, committed by one of his family; that Brutus, finding his own two sons in a conspiracy to reinstate the King, had them beheaded without shedding a tear, or even turning his face from the horrid sight dovable Brutus 5; that the banished Tarquin, with Lord Porseus and his Etruscan army, marched back on Home, to be checked at the Yellow Tiber, and enable Macaulay to tell us, in the best of

all his ringing ballads,
"How will Heratics kept the bridge
in the brate days of oil."

These are musty traditions. But the Romans, for many generations, did speak of "Good King Servius and his ust laws," as two races, long ages hence, will talk of Abraham Lincoln and his great Proclamation. And this memorial of antiquity from over the sea, called out by a historic parallel so striking that it moved another people, speaking another language, is one of the most touching ributes yet paid to the memory of our great martyr.

The up-stairs room, where the late President used to receive visitors, is now occupied by the Private Secretaries. Here, nearly five years ago, I once had the good fortune to hear Mr. Lincoln talk with great freedom and ingenuousness for two hours. His themes were McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, Antietam, and Emancipation.

How long age it seems ! I have not been in the White House since, until last night. The President's room, adjoining that of the Private Secretaries, is of modest proportions, and soberly furnished, containing [chairs, a few maps, and a small table with writing materials. Its windows look out pleasantly toward the Potomac.

The friend who had invited me, barely introduced me and then withdrew. I had never chanced to see Mr. Johnson before. The first thing which impressed me, was that look of weariness of being overborne with a heavy load, which our Presidents always wear. How many a in the White House !

Still, Mr. Johnson has great physical vitality. He is pounds. His black eyes, near together, are very direct His long, straight hair begins to silver, and to grow thin at the sides of the forehead. His voice is low and pleasant, and his manner, though emphatic when he grows warm with public affairs, ingeneral quiet and subdued. His face does not look so large, nor his features quite so pronounced, as in his pictures. Of course he was dressed in the inevitable American black.

He conversed pleasantly about mountain localities in North Carolina and Tennessee, asking me to point out, on the map, portions of my route through them three years ago. This led to comments on the stanch loyalty of those regions, and on Unionists throughout the South. He thought we were sometimes too severe upon loyal men who gave way under the terrible pressure. Many were very zealous; but as the Secession madness swept on, when public opinion bore them down, and trusted leaders like John Bell and Alexander H. Stephens gave way, they went with the tide. It was easy to say they might have left the country; but there were their homes, wives, children-all they had and loved in ine world. So they yielded; but in time, when they saw the Old Flag come again, they were really and heartily glad. It was genuine loyalty—not a sham.

The disturbed condition of Tennessee was alluded to.

Brownlow had always been a very bitter politician and partisan, full of hard names and vindictiveness toward antagonists. The State Militia contained a good many bad men from both armies who would like to abuse their power; feeling was extremely strong on both sides; there were old feuds to gratify; each party was armed, and he feared Thursday's election would bring violent scenes. God knew we had had bloodshed enough. He was glad to hear that leading men on both sides were taking steps to have different sets of ballot boxes for the two parties, that they might be brought in collision as little as possible. He just received a telegram announcing that Gen. Thomas was on his way to Memphis. Thomas was a prudent, cautious officer, whose presence and orders

would be salutary and restraining.

The general condition of the South for peace, order,

and freedom from outrages, seemed to him quite as good as could be expected so soon after a great, bitter war. Cf course there were exceptions, but they are inevitable is so large a region. As a whole, he believed the South ern people acquiesod fully in the result of the conflict, and were ready to act in good faith in the Union.

The behavior of the negroes had been singularly and noticeably commendable. It was remarkable that, so sudduly set free, they manifested so little vindictiveness, sich general readiness to adjust themselves to the new condition, and go to work, quietly and steadily. That was the great thing. He believed in the gospel of work. Let them earn money, buy homes, cultivate the soil, and e-crything else, education, intelligence, good morals, vould follow. He deprecated any attempt to array the two races against each other; their interests were comnon; it was only bad and designing men who would set tie blacks against the whites as such.

He believed, that if Congress had admitted those States -or, rather, admitted loyal Representatives and Senators from them as fast as they presented themselves-the whole machinery of Government would ere now have been in smooth operation; that the States themselves would have given suffrage to the negroes, and not oppressed Union white men or Union black men, Indeed, ec-slaveholders were more generally reconciled to negrosuffrage than the non-slaveholding whites.

One or two questions which I asked here about his general theory of Reconstruction drew him into a very espest and forcible exposition of it. With the compact ness and directness of a man full of his subject, and deply interested in it, he talked right on for half an hour, making one or two strong points against Congress. For example, he read from the recent able speech of Senato Trumbull, that the President's plan was a good one, but that the officers elected under it prove objectionable. I asked, "If we had reinstated South Carolina fully in not yet a rived up the Potomac, and, like the modern | the Union without any guaranty for impartial suffrage, Mrs. Wragge, she wanted her "Things." She had not and she had afterward oppressed her black population, or write loyalists, what remedy should we have had?" He redied in general terms, "The same power as now. We are the stronger party, they the weaker. The weak require guaranties, not the strong." Whether this was clear or not, his general remarks were animated, pointed, and fell of obvious sincerity.

As the conversation touched more personal matters, he said it could not be expected that all should think alike or these difficult questions. He mentioned some facts in his own history as showing whether or not he had been single-hearted in his devotion to the Union, and also whether he had tried to serve the best interests of the enfranchised race. What motive, what desire could be lave save to promote the early and complete restoration of the country ! Two or three times-when alinding to the loss of his son in the war, and afterward to violent epithets and assaults upon his public and personal charseter-his voice grew husky and tremulous.

Of course, the long conversation contained much which is omitted here. But excepting his well-known views, souching hisoric precedents, and the legal bearings of Reconstruction, I have endeavored to give in substance all that the President said upon public affairs. A. D. R.

AMONG THE GREENBACKS.

From Our Special Correspondent WASHINGTON, July 27, 1867. Money-who will write its history? It embraces in hundreds of forms the product of mine, forest, feld, and factory. It is comprehensive as a cyclopedia and fascinating as a romance.

The currency of Barbarism is rude and various. We know next to nothing of that early, semi-civilized American race, whose very name has perished, though our valleys and prairies once teemed with its living millions. Their stone cities in Arizona and New-Mexico, their ter thousand earth movuments in the Mississippi Valley crumble dally under the tooth of Time and razure of Oblivion. But their money, and that of the Indians who succeeded them, usually in rudely ornamented disks shaped like our coin, comprised bone, shell, coal, terra otta, mica, lead, iron, copper, gold, agate, pearl, jasper, chalcedony, and cornetian.

Our great New-Almaden quicksilver mine was known to Aboriginals as "the Cave of Red Earth." The crude cinnebar (of which vermillion is made) passed among them as currency, and was precious for painting their dusky cheeks.

On the Pacific, red men bartered their choicest otter robes for a string of blue beads; on the Atlantic they sold half a State for a belt of wampum. They drove out the mound-builders to the South-West. Now, in turn, we exterminate them as the whirligig of Time brings in his

The wealth of earliest civilization is flocks and herds; hence our adjective "pecuniary," from pecus-"cattle. Homer mentions that the armor of Diomed cost but nine oxen, while the lavish Glaucus paid a hundred for his. Britons, at the Norman invesion, had two kinds of money, which they classed as "dead" and "living." The fir comprised gold, brass, tin, and iron; the second, cattle and stares. Our Southrons thrived upon "living" cur-

One step in advance was leather, the money of the sole-leather, must have required a warehouse for storage, and a ship for transportation. Was the office seeker of Cartlinge as eager to become Superintendent of the Pul lie Tannery, as ours is to be Director of the National Mint! Nails passed as money in Scotland; sait in Abyssinia; dried fish in Iceland; and mulberry bark in "the far Cathay." The latter, in circular pieces, bore the stamp of the sovereign; to counterfeit or refuse it was

On the Pacific coast, 30 years ago, hides were cash, and known as "California bank notes." In Oregon, wheat was legal-tender at \$1 per bushel. New seitlements grow so fast that the little money brought by immigrants is soon exhausted, compelling the use of some local substitute. In Massachusetts until 1648, corn, live stock, wampum and musket-balls were all legalized currency. The bullets were required to Be "full-bore," passed for one penny each. Of wampum, four beads were a penny. No one was compelled to receive either in sums exceeding 12 pence. California, Oregon, Utah, and Colorado had their native gold, coined for convenience in private mints. Cincinnati adopted raccoon skins; St. Louis, furs; other Western colonies, land-warrants; and old Virginia, tobacco, which pioneer planters wisely invested in the purchase of wives.

Indian traders, at their forts in the Far West, used to buy the best buffalo robes for two cups of sugar. Now, robes are cheaper in New-York than on the great plains. Texan traders afforded a striking illustration of the way Civilization traffics with Barbarism. They put the furs and skins of the savage into one scale, and their own muscle into the other, asserting that the white man's hand weighs half a pound and his foot a pound! They exchanged, dunce for ounce those strips of shining copper, with which the Indian delights to encircle wrist and ankle, for gold, silver, and emerald ornaments and sacred vessels, of which Mexican churches had been despoiled! But in the long ran the Comanche usually avenged with the scalping-knife his wrongs at the weigh

ing-beam.

Precious metals as money are older than history. Two thousand years before Christ, Abraham, the Chaldean shep herd, whose children have never lost his faith nor his thrift battle between exhaustion and politeness has been fought | through a hundred and fourteen generations, returned from Egypt, "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." Afterward, says the biblical record, he bought the cave under six feet high, weil built, weighing probably 175 of Machpelah-where his bones were to rest beside those of Sarah, the wife of his youth-for "four hundred shek and concentrative, and in earnest converse emphasizing, els of eliver, current money with the merchant." The and penetrating. His full, smooth face is little wrinkled. Catholic version has it, "coromon, current money." The shekel was about 60 cents of our gold. It was weighed, not counted; for there were no mints in those days. Herodotus asserts that coinage originated with the Lydians. The world's coins, since, have been like leaves of Autumn. Most are extinct; but the British Museum preserves more than a hundred and twenty thousand varieties. The Paris collection is still greater, and in-

creased by two or three thousand every year. Our country bas no large public accumulation; but the Cabinet of the Philadelphia Mint contains many worth studying. Its medailion inemorials of Washington number 216; though not one I believe representing him in battle. It embraces many antique specimens. Here are self-same coins which pious ancients placed between the cold lips of their dead to pay old Charon for ferriage over the Styx. Here is that very image and superscription of Casar which the Judean Carpenter pointed out to the fishermen and tentmakers following him. Here are faces of rulers and captams down to our own day from Alexander of Macedon and the mightiest Julius who bestrode this narrow world like a Colossus.

The courteous officer now at the head of the Mint, in response to my questions, states the interesting features of this collection so clearly and succinctly, that I take the liberty of giving his entire letter:

Whole number of pleres

It should be observed that we do not collect the petty medalets know as "store-cards, political tokens," &c. We aim not at numbers be worth; and especially to give the observer an idea of the currency of a Ideal."

This collection accords as high into antiquity ex any other. We any mention three pieces, dating quite back to the origin of the practice of coming in their respective countries.

I. The silver could by Egina, a Greek island, is generally estimated as awing been counted seven centuries before the Christian era. We sail urs 2,000 years old. The tetradrachm of Athens is farther down, persuate to contain.

paying team could. The tetradrachm of Athens is fartier down, perhaps two centuries.

2. The golden darie of Persia, coined by Darius, but which one of that name is uncertain. Its age is doubtless 2,350 years.

3. The breine frience (one-third of the ne or Roman pound) of the young republic of forms, is about the same age as the darie. A couple of centuries further down the dates become more definite. Generally a scope of a few years must be allowed; but in some cases the effect year of coinage can be ascertained.

The question, "how many varieties, counting the different dies, of American public coins, have circulated Pr-probably cannot be answered by anybody; certainly no two answers would be anywhere near alike. The subject has been faithfully studied and largely swritten upon, and yet in nch remains uncertain. Collectors often make a trivial variation the ground of adding to the number. We are entirely unable to give an answer on this point. Respectfully yours, &c., H. R. LINDERRAN, Birector of the Mint.

American money-coins must have numbered nearly 1,000. The earliest was a brass penny, struck in the Bermudas in 1612 for the Virginia colony. In William and Mary's reign, copper pennies made in London for our Northern and Southern settlements, bore the mottos: "God preserve New-England!" "God preserve Carolina and the Lords Proprietors!" Massachusetts authorized ellver coinage in 1652; and other colonies soon after.

In 1786, Congress adopted our present system, from the \$10 piece down. It originated with Thomas Jefferson, that many-sided man-born of aristocracy, yet an incarnate Democrat-reared in the wilderness, yet graced with every accomplishment-interested alike in natural science, farming, music, architecture, and governmentpresent territory to the Union, and leaving for his monuuent the proud record: "Founder of the University of Virginia, author of the Statute of Religious Freedom, and the Declaration of Independence."

'Mill" was from the Latin mille-one-thousandth of a dollar; "cent" from centum-one-hundredth; "dime" (formerly written disme) from decem-one-tenth; "dollar" from the German dahler, or thater; and "eagle" from our chosen bird. We selected an American species; but the eagle had already figured in old mythologies, Roman, Greek, Hindoo, and Scandanavian, and on many a martial standard from the Etruscans to the Poles. Franklin always caviled at it as our National emblem, on the ground that this thief and pirate of the air subsists by preying upon the defenseless. The fathers long de favor of the latter, they plausibly urged that he never attacks until molested, and never strikes without giving his enemy fair warning. Upon early devices he occupies the place of honor, sometimes with the significant inscription: "Don't tread on me!" A Continental note even represents him as giving the death-stroke to an attacking eagle. Modern days reverse the picture. Now, the official scals of Mexico and New-Mexico both exhibit the dishonored reptile in the clutches of the victorious bird. Our first Federal coin-one cent, struck in New-Havenbore the wholesome frjunction: "Mind your own business!" There is a legend, "interesting if true," that when Washington saw his face upon the earliest silver dollar, he peremptorily ordered the dies to be destroyed. Cents

"Bank" we get from banco, a bench; because in Italian towns, Jewish money-lenders, in the yellow bonnets which law compelled them to wear, used to drive their hard bargains upon long wooden seats in the market places. The Bank of Venice, the first in Europe, was estabilshed in 1171, to aid Governments in raising funds for the Crusades. It was a monetary Methuselah, and flourished for more than 600 years. Its earliest paying-teller, perhaps, counted out shining flories to Richard the Lion Hearted. Its latest may have eashed a draft for John Quincy Adams. There, Seigneir Antonio must have kept his account; and the bank's refusal to discount his little note-the mere bagatelle of 3,000 ducats for 20 days-is shrouded in mystery. Possibly Shylock, and old Tubal, that wealthy Hebrew of his tribe, had been fomenting a panic about him. Shakespeare avers that the merchant was good; but then the poet was no money-lender. In Hamlet he even offers to advance a thousand pounds to the ghost, without an indorser-a security unknown to Wall-st., and doubtless to the Rialto.

and half dollars of 1791-2 still bear his profile. The first

head of Liberty on our coin bore the features of Martha

Washington.

At last the Bank of Venice fitly fell, with the hundredisled city. It was overthrown when that gorgeons Queen of the Adriatic yielded her crown to the revolutionary armies of France. The Bank of England was founded during a French war in 1604 to aid William and Mary, who had been paying 40 per cent a year for loans. Both our old United States Banks-like our present National system-were also born of disorders which war had produced in Government finances.

It required a cart and a yoke of oxen to haul \$100 of the iron money of Lycurgus. Now, the boylsh messenger of National Bank skips down Broadway with a million of currency in his little sack. And Samuel Rogers, banker and poet, had a note for one million pounds sterling framed and hung in his parlor. Why did he not sing the Pleasures of Possession rather than the "Pleasures of Memory 1" In the Congressional Library is a rare old scrap-book

filled with antique specimeus of American paper cur rency. They number 260, though few of the early issues are there, and none come down to the adoption of the Constitution. A full collection until now would probably reach 10,000 notes, public and private. The earliest, sin ply bears the words: "One Penny. Massachusetts. June, 1722." It has no signature, and its execution would not serve us for the label of a match box. Then follow issues of the other colonies. New-Jersey notes, anthorized in 1728, were engraved by one Benjamin Franklin, then a journeyman printer of 22. He also fashioned a hand press for striking them off. That runaway Boston apprentice-that leather-aproned Philadelphia editor-mechanic and diplomat-jester and statesman-trader, inventor, patriot, philosopher, philanthropist-how his name is written all over our colonial and revolutionary

The rude devices of that era represent shaky crowns ships building upon stocks infirm of purpose; white men and Indians, chested of feature by dissembling engraver, sent into this printing world searce half made up. In '76 the name of "His Gracious Majesty King George the Third" suddenly disappears, and pounds and shillings change to dollars and cents. A Georgia note promises to pay 5.0 within 12 months, out of "moneys arising from the sale of forfeited estates." Does that mean confisca-

Mother Country wages a hopeless war: a wild boar running at the point of a spear; a hand grasping brambles, and the like. Some are ingeniously printed in colors. A few are counterfeits, and altered. Dingy old notes, creased, mutilated, soiled, they are still "filthy," but no longer "lucre." Bits of coarse, worthless paper now! Yet men schemed, and toiled, and wore out lives, and com mitted crimes to get them! And others endured, and suffered, and died for want of them.

Similar reflections will move the long-prophesied New

Zealand archeologist. All day shall he stand on the never-finished Washington Monument, to sketch the ruins of Willard's Hotel. But at night, by his camp-fire or Pennsylvania-ave., he will scan with sentimental eye his great scrap-book of our paper currency. Remembering the gorgeous notes of the One-hundred-and-fifteenth Na tional Bank of Auckland that line his pocket-book, he will wender at the rude art which stamped the heads of Chase and Fessenden, M'Culloch and Spinner, on these plain, tattered, antique bills and bonds of the year of grace 1867. And on getting home from his explorations he will rush to the library of the New-Zealand Antiquarian Society and hunt the well-thumbed files of THE TRIBUNE for the only authentic record of their history. It runs in this wise:

In 1861 our first Greenbacks were printed by the New-York Bank Note Companies; and Treasurer and Register signed them here with their own proper hands. But the infant army, that financial Oliver Twist, was always clamoring for "More." Spinner was no Briaracus the hundred-handed; and Chittenden could not devote more than 24 hours a day to his own autographs. So Congress authorized them to sign by proxy. Then the issue grew till 70 clerks, at \$1,200 a year, were kept busy in writing their own in lien of these officers' names. But so many different hands destroyed all the value of signatures They were no more protection against fraud than the type (make it large and leaded, O Autocrat of the Sanctum!) in which this discursive letter is printed. And the Secretary knitted his broad brow in sore perplexity.

There was a keen-eyed Superintendent of Constructin

the Public Buildings, named S. M. Clark. A Vermon Yankee, and true to his nativity, he had done a little of everything, and could make anything. Just now he was at leisure; the Nation needed no new edifices till arms should decide whether it was a nation. He proposed fac similes of the signatures, and also of the Treasury seal, to be engraved and printed on the notes in peculiar ink, and by a peculiar process. Chase, under sanction of Congress, adopted the suggestion. Then Spinner was the kundred-handed. He could sign with a rapidity limited only by the capacity of lightning presses.

Notes came to the Department in sheets of four each. Seventy-five girls, every one armed with her shears, trimmed and separated them by hand. Clark, the revolutionist, declared this ought to be done by machinery, and, more to the point, that he could make the machines himself. Fogies pooh-poohed. Cut bank notes apart, and trim their edges by steam! Utterly impossible! Beside, it would be too expensive, and would take bread from these worthy women. But the Secretary said "Go ahead;" so the Yankee coaxed his brains, and barned the

midnight oil. In two mouths he brought in two trial maines, worked by a crark. The clerk, to whom they were referred, inspected and reported them failures. So Chase ordered them removed from the building. But what inventor ever acquiesced in the slaughter of his own progeny? This one implored the Secretary: "Come and

examine for yourself!" Chase did examine, and found that these marvelous automata, with curning angerated steel, not only did the work perfectly; but reduced its cost more than four-lifths. He instantly reseinded the order, placed Glark in charge of the cutting and trimming, and assigned him rooms for the purpose. That was the origin of the Princing and Engraving Bureau of the Treasury Department. On the 29th of August, 1862, Mr. Clark Began, assisted by one man and four women. Now his Bureau has 21 subordinate superintendents, nearly 600 employes, occupies 74 rooms, and has turned out sixty millions of dollars in a single

But it has fought for every step. It would have perished long ago, had it not adopted the principles of the Prize Ring, and struck out vigorously from the shoulder. Its very existence is a vindication of the Noble Art of Self Defense. It had to encounter the prejudice against Government's engaging in any sort of manufacturesusually just, for the more employes, jobs, patronage, the more corruption. This case was exceptional. The Treasurer could not go into open market for his engraving and printing. The Bank Note Companies—then but two, now three—were gigantic monopolies. They made the paper money of North and South America. They offered no competition. There was work for both; they charged their own prices, and would not underbid each other.

Greenbacks proved a Golconda to them. Shares, below par, rose to high premiums. One made dividends of 36 per ceut a year, on its immense nominal capital of \$1,250,-000. In all, Government has paid these three companies over \$3,000,000. But every piece of work done in Washington was so much taken from their receipts. Hence, arrayed against the Bureau was this gigantic moneypower, working in a hundred ways-on the floor of Congress, in the departments, on Wall-st., and through the printing press. In its favor was only the less zealous aid springing from the belief that it served the public in-

The currency required the very choicest execution. Tolerable bank-note engravers abound; but of first-class workmen there are less than 20 in the United States. The companies employed them all, binding them by long contracts, and the moment a new one arrived from abroad, pouncing on him like a hawk. Once Clark posted over to New-York, to see a skillful designer from England by special appointment. He found that officers of the leading bank-note company had preceded him by a few minutes at the place of meeting, and with an unusual sal ary had seenred his man.

The president of another corporation brought written charges against Clark's character. A Congressional committee investigated and declared them wholly unsupported by proof. The companies refused to give up the dies and plates for printing here. Once, this controversy waxed so warm that they packed them for sending abroad, lest the Secretary should obtain them by process of law. The New-York companies still print the Greenbacks and

the issues of the National banks. But this competition has brought down their charges for engraving 75 per cent, and for printing, 50 per cent below what Government paid them in '62. The work could readily be done here; but there are 1,700 National banks. Were the printing transferred now, if any spurious notes from the genuine plates should get in circulation, a question might arise as to whether they were tampered with while in the custody of the companies or of the Department. The Comptroller of the Currency declines that responsibility. So they are printed in New-York and expressed here, to be separated, trimmed, numbered, and stamped with the Treasury seal. One package upon arrival proved to contain \$8,000 more than it was marked and involced. Long the company stoutly denied the mistake, but at last owned up. Another package contained an excess of \$100,000, but that error was speedily acknowledged.

Clark's Bureau, beside finishing these notes, engraved and prints all our bonds, coupons, fractional currency, and Internal Revenue stamps for cigars and beer barrels; does the general printing of the Treasury Department, and manufactures its wrapping paper and envelopes. It is in contemplation to make bank-note paper also. For this purpose the lightest, finest fabric is best-just as a sile handkerchief will stand more wear and tear than a coarse

The Post Office Department (chief, Alexander W. Randall of Wisconsin), contains a room boldly labeled: "DEPRE DATION OFFICE." It is devoted, not to committing depredations, as the inscription might signify, but to investigat ing them. So the Treasury has one branch over which might be written: "Counterfeiting Office." Most spurious plates, sooner or later, find their way here. A large detective force is employed in ferreting out counterfeiters. These have ramifications all over the Union. They are chiefly ensuared through their own confederates, ever ready, for a consideration, to betray them, and falsify the proverb of honor among thieves. Hundreds are sent to penitentiaries yearly; but they find it easy to get par-

When a counterfeit is presented at the Bank of England, the gold is instantly paid for it. If it comes from some known person he is only asked where he got it. If from a stranger the cashier signals to his detective, always in waiting, and the officer follows secretly. Before many hours the bank is in possession of the stranger's biography. The offender once arrested is likely to be tried, convicted, and scutenced within two days; wherefore Great Britain is not an inviting field for that branch of industry.

American counterfeiters are thoroughly organized, and adopt the great national principle-division of labor. They have classes quite separate and distinct, for engraving, printing, signing, and putting in circulation. The latter issue circulars to known dealers, all over the country, offering the "queer" (their flash term for counterfeld money) usually at about 30 cents on the dollar. They have their spy system, too, and look out sharply for officers. Lately a detective mailed \$10 to the address given in one of these circulars, asking the return of its value in "queer." The vigilant counterfeiter penetrating the disguise replied that he did not sell to stool-pigeons, but yet, felt bound in common courtesy to retain the officer's little contribution to his exchequer! The discomfited detective

now shakes his head and sighs with Juliet: " Too early seen unknown and known too late." But the facetions scoundrel gleefully apostrophizes his

unlooked-for "Ten:" "Green be the back upon thee,

A. D. R.

Friend of my better days !"

GENERAL NEWS.

The Athens (Ohio) Messenger says good hay sold in that place last week for \$5 per tun. A suit has been entered against parties at setanket, L. I., for violating the law by making hay on sunday. One of the cases is aggravated by the fact that a mowing machine was driven, with its almost intolerable noise, under the church window during service.

A couple of females, who, it is stated, have long been a source of annoyance to citizens of Lafayette, Ind., were horse-whipped in that city, last Saturday night, by a watchman. The police are all members of the Democratic party.

A young lady at Boston, seeing a parcel lying on the pavement on Saturday, stooped to pick it up, when a man standing near rushed forward, undely pushed her away, and at the same instant snatched her watch and portemonnale containing \$160, and made his escape.

The Laconia Democrat says there are 267 islands in Lake Winnipiseogee, though the number is generally placed at 365, one for each day in the year. One of them contains more than 1,000 acres, two more than 600 acres, six more than 50 acres, two more than 10 acres, and two hundred and twenty-six less than 10 acres. Distance round the Lake is 1811 miles.

The harbor of Michigan City, Indiana, which has been closed for a number of years to large vessels by the accumulation of sand in the channel, is again open, with a good depth of water, Vessels loaded with iron ore, and with lumber, enter and discharge cargoes without difficulty. An efficient dredge is constantly at work, and Michigan City will soon become a lake port of importance.

ance.

The Lancaster (Penn.) Eagle describes the natural bridge, twelve miles south of that place, showing it to be nearly as great a curiosity as the world-famed natural bridge of Virginia. The bridge is of solid sandstone, 136 feet in length, and from 8 to 20 wide, spanning a ravine at an elevation of 45 feet from the bottom. It is level on the top, and arched below, with a curvature of about 30 degrees. The Eagle says that persons who have visited both pronounce this bridge equally a wonder, except in size, with its celebrated Virginia rival.

The remains of Gen. David R. Birney are to

The remains of Gen. David B. Birney are to The remains of Gen. David B. Birney are to have a handsome monument erected over them in Woodland Cemetery, Philadelphia. It will be of Italian marble, 20 feet high and 4 feet 6 inches at the base. On the front of the die is a raised shield, partly covered by the American flag, the die resting on a molded base, in which is cut the name "Birney" in large raised letters; above this is an elliptic moulded cap, with a laurel wreath on the front also a moulded base which receives the shaft, on which is cut a sword, such, and scabbard, the whole surmounted by a drapery urn, finished on the top with a rising star-forming an exceedingly chaste and appropriate memeus.

The Born De Cooleman paster of the Spring.

The Rev. Dr. Cookman, pastor of the Spring Garden et. Methodist Church, Phila., has had under his charge the Rev. Mr. I Stockton, late a city missionary of Trenton, N. J., and his wife, both of whom are said to have become insane by religious excitement; attendant upon the camp meeting at Vineland. N. J. The first indication of this was the throwing of a set of false teeth out of the car window, on the passage from Vireland to Philadelphia. On Friday night last the couple were found in the streets of Philadelphia, and, on giving indications of their church association, they were taken to the residence of a friend, from which they excepted, after which they were again found in the streets and taken in charge by Dr. Cookman. Mrs. Stockton still comains in Philadelphia, but her husband has been placed in the Asylum at Treaton.